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The Vagabond's Wager

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THE

TEACHER'S DREAM

BY

W. H. VENABLE

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ILLUSTRATED

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TO

MY TEACHERS

AND

PUPILS

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DESIGNED BY H. F. FARNY.

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THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

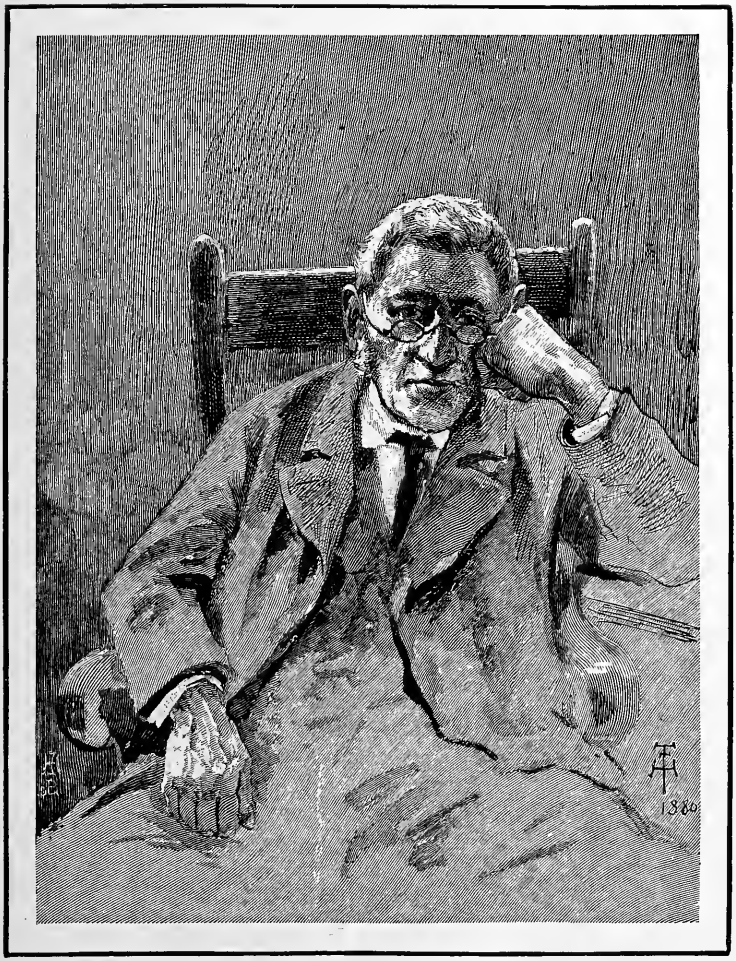
The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on;
And not a sound was heard around,
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

SHOES
SPEER

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away,—
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is loss,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn
Each evening, into dross.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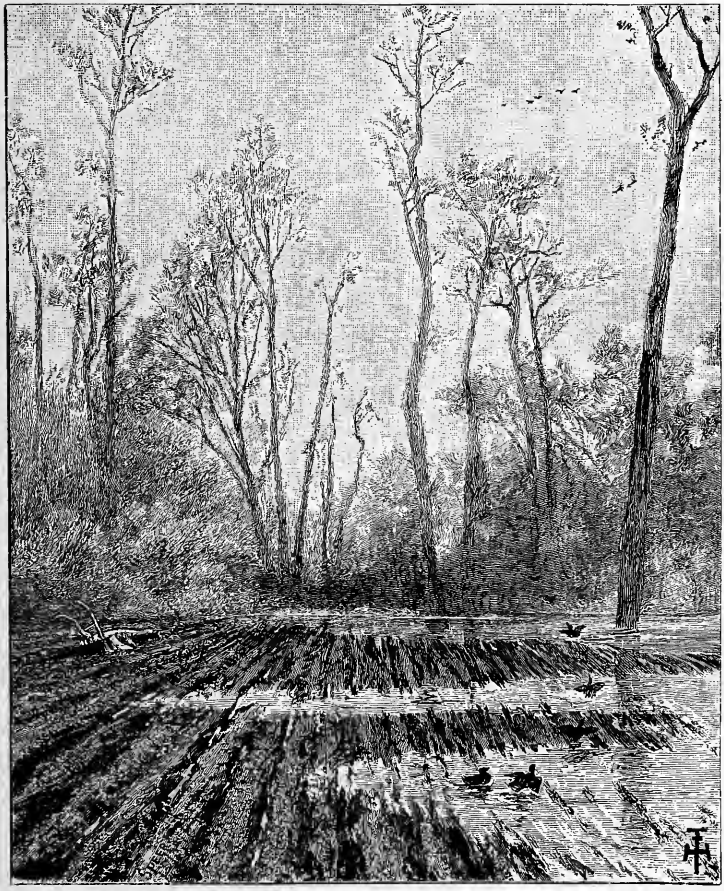
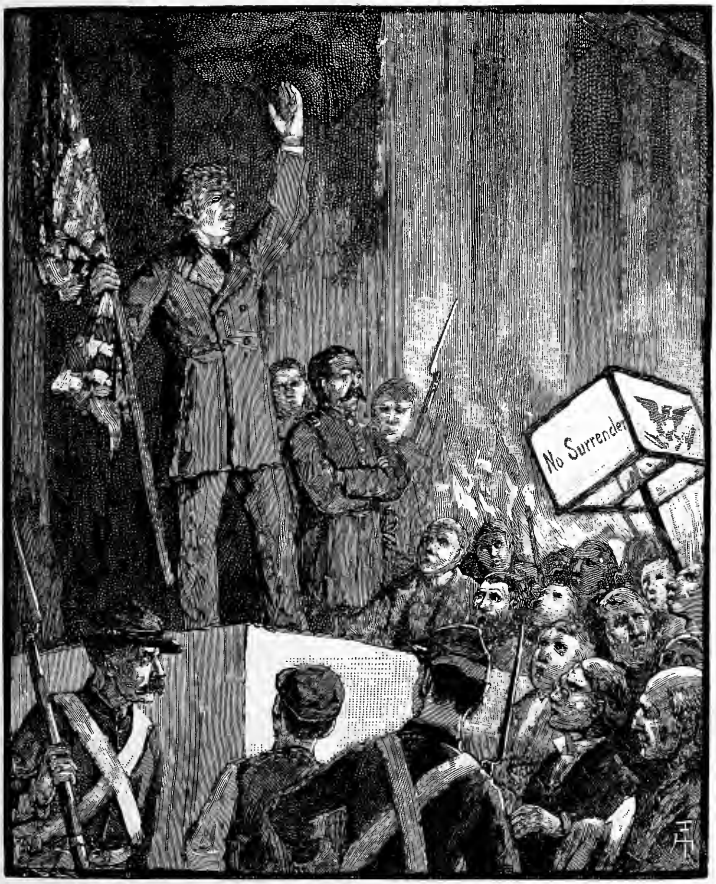
"I squander on a barren field,
My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed; and low upon his hands
His aching brow he prest;
And o'er his frame erelong there came
A soothing sense of rest.

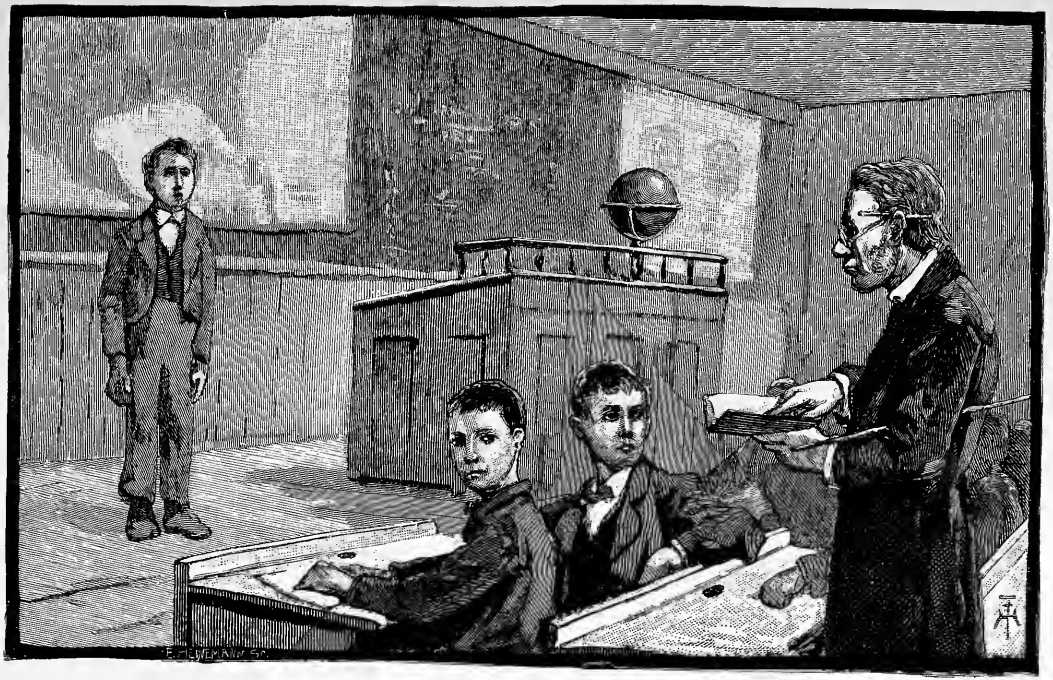


And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast,—
The room by strange and sudden change
Assumed proportions vast.

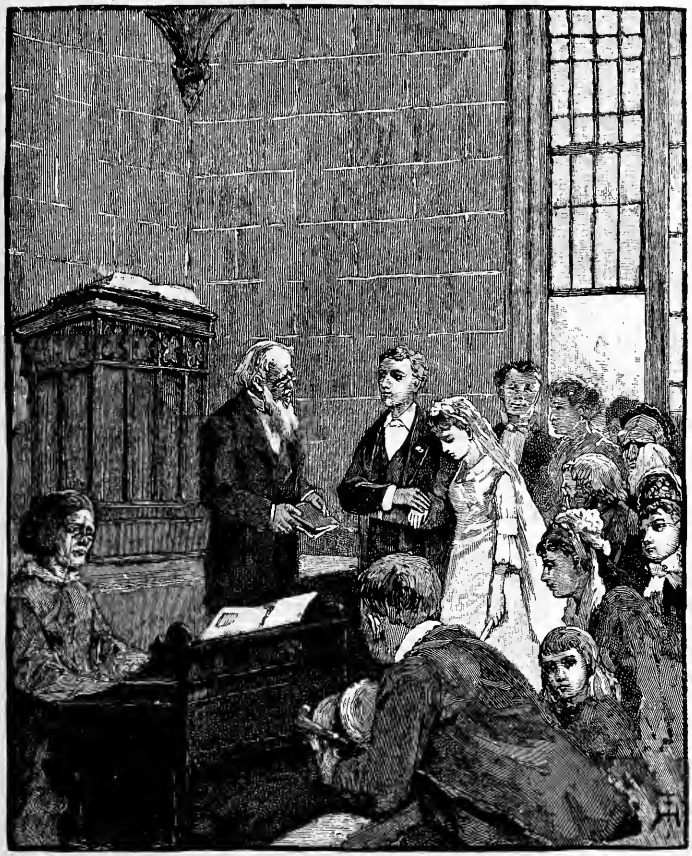
It seemed a Senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng ;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.


No Surrender

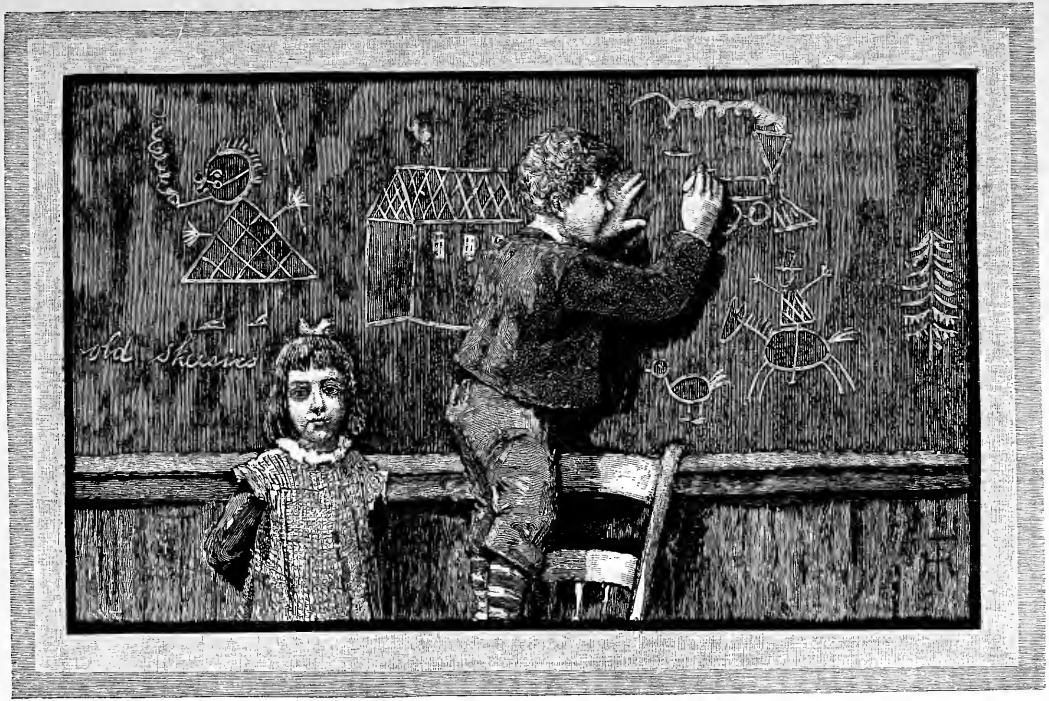
The wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."



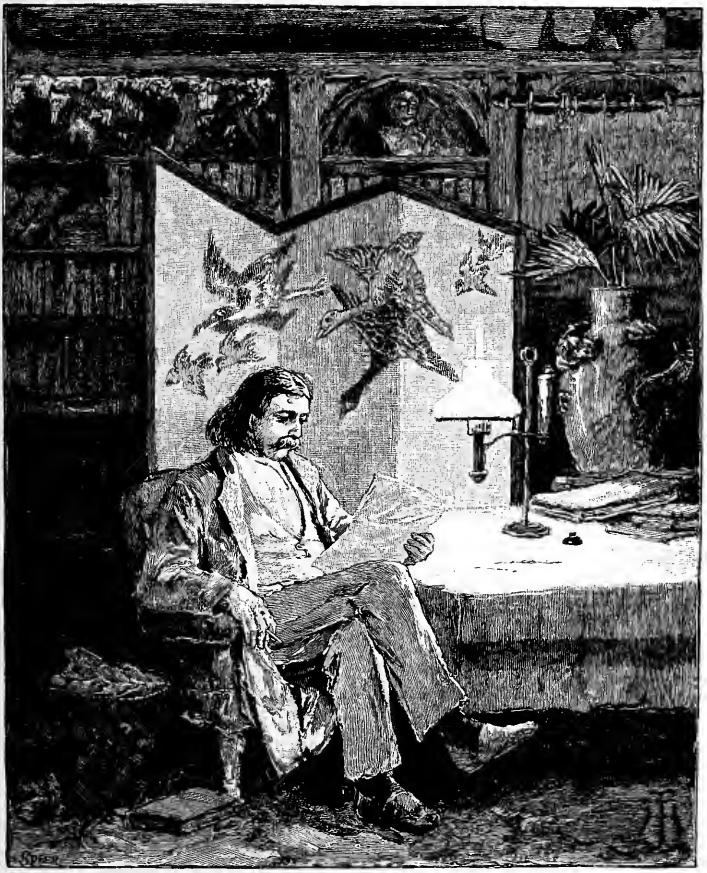
The stately Senate hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace;



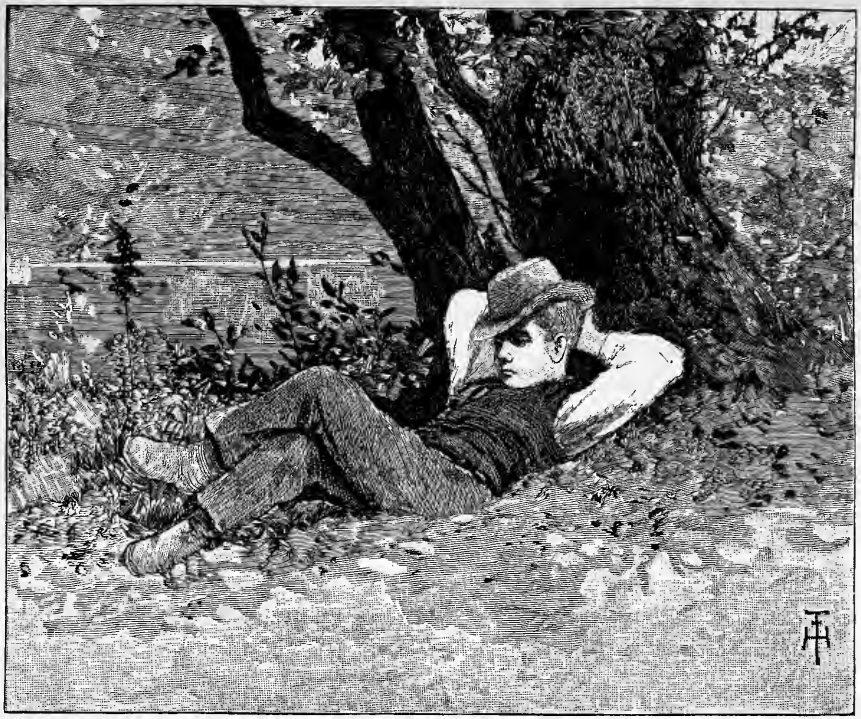
And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought,
"I whipped that boy to-day."


Old Shears

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room
An author plied his pen.



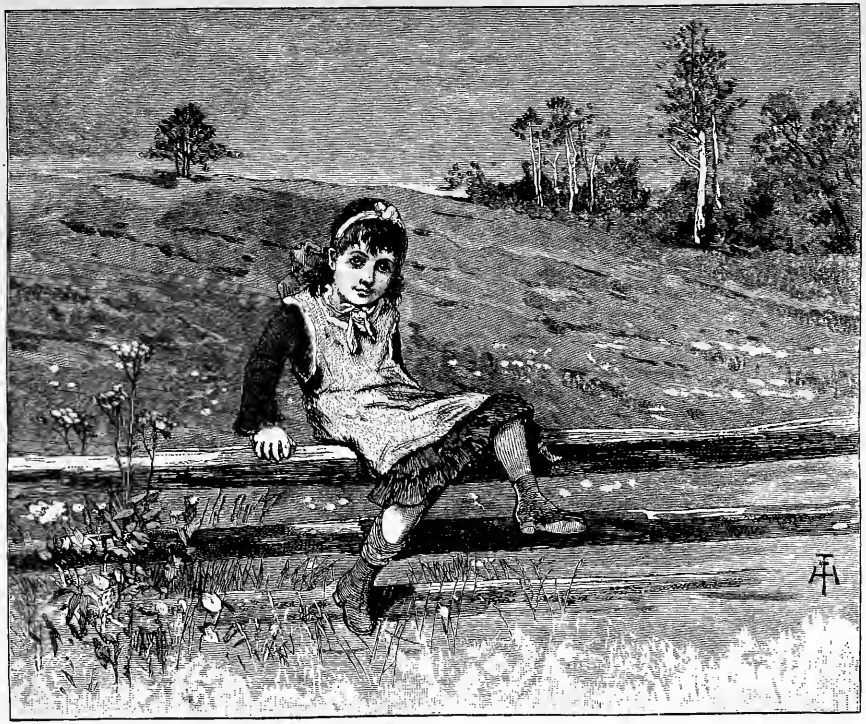
"My idlest lad!" the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold *his* name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"



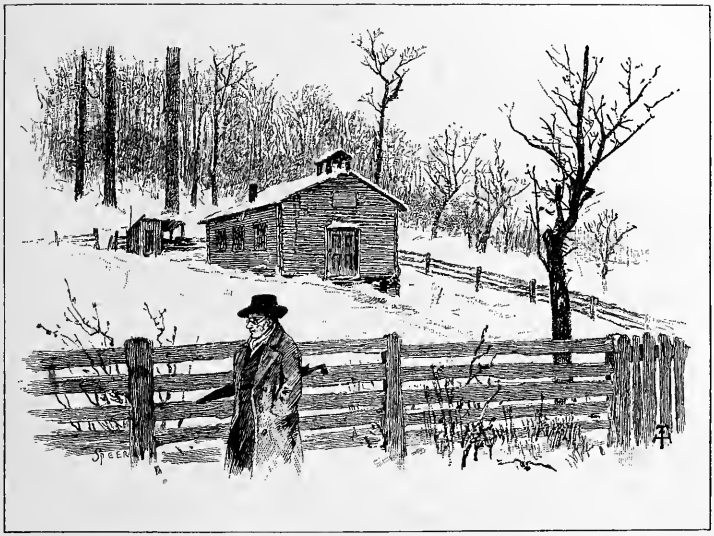
The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron, well I know,
Was but a wild and careless child
Not half an hour ago.

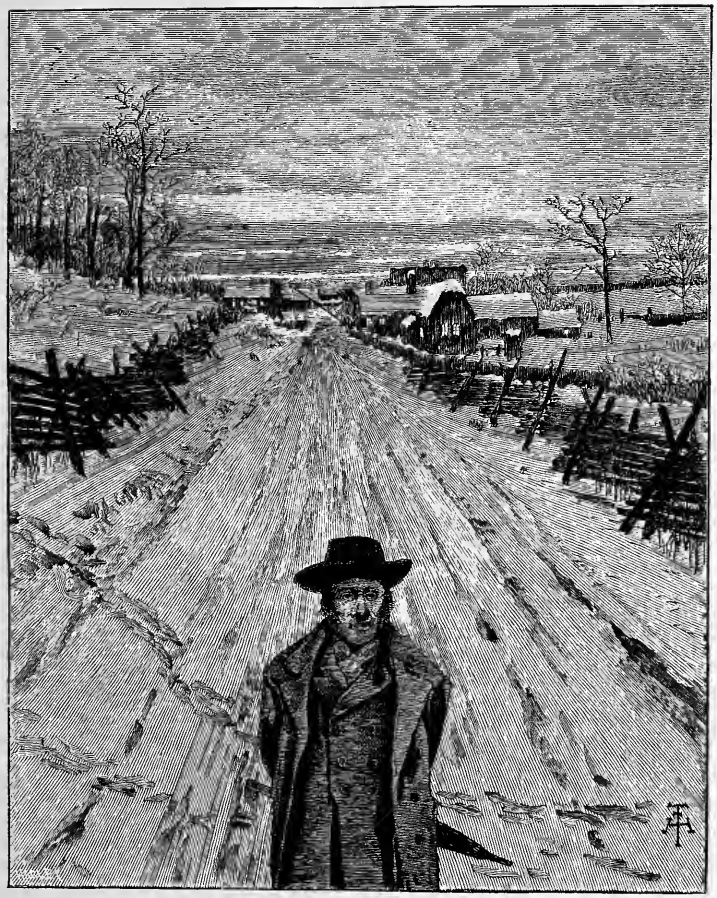
"And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."



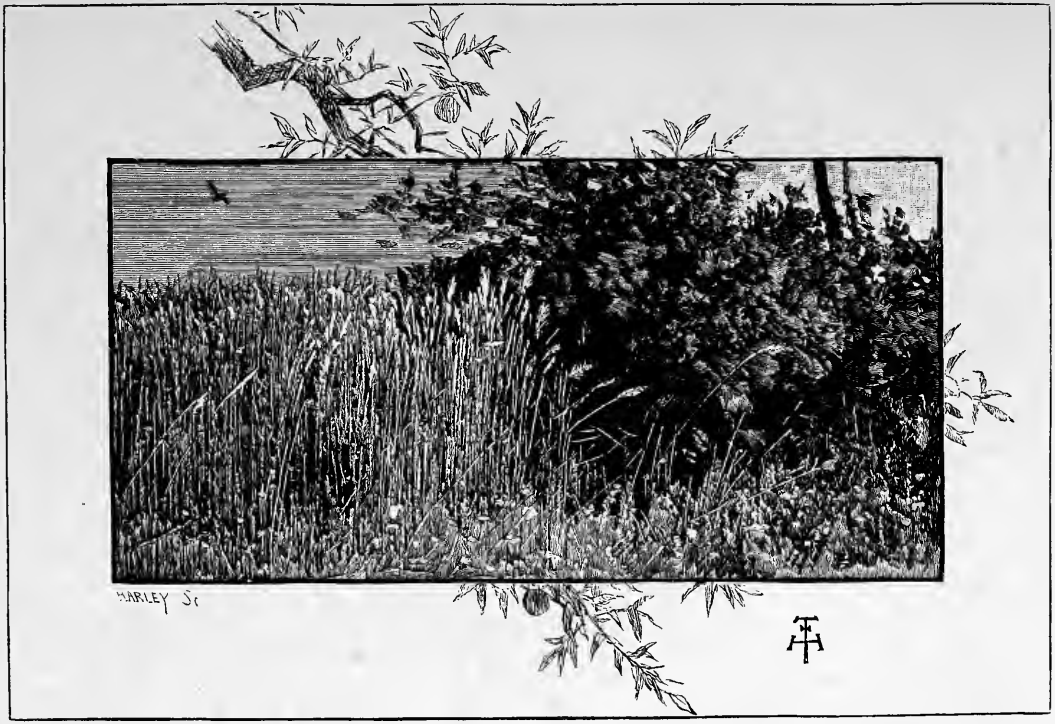
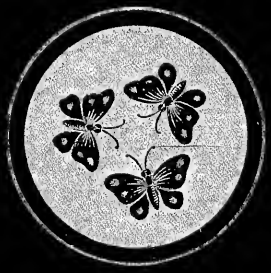
The scene was changed again, and lo,
The school-house rude and old,
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.



"A dream!" the sleeper, waking, said,
Then paced along the floor,
And, whistling slow and soft and low,
He locked the school-house door.



And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and love and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low,
He murmured, "After many days."


HARLEY Sc

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